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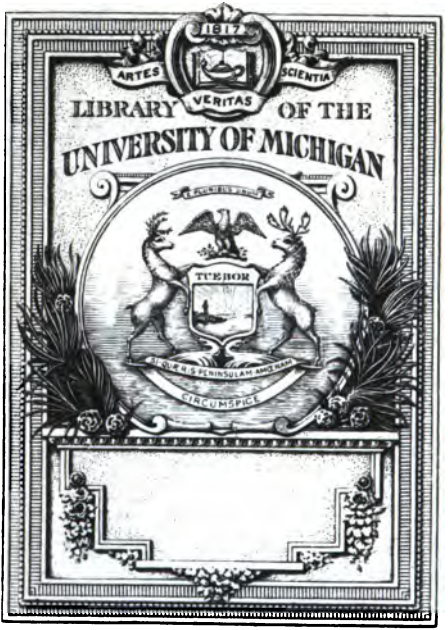
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Ballads

IN

IMITATION OF THE

Antient.

By W. H. IRELAND.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

BY BIGGS AND COTTLE, BRISTOL.

1801.

DEDICATION.

TO

Miss ELIZABETH ANN NEWTON.

MADAM,

THE peculiar gratification which I have frequently enjoyed in your society, added to the great thirst for every species of literature which you seem inherently to possess; have prompted me to dedicate to you the following collection of Ballads, as a small tribute of the praise which your affability and mental acquirements so justly demand.

Should the simplicity of stile which breathes throughout the following compositions, afford you the smallest entertainment during a leisure hour, the utmost wish will be gratified of

MADAM,

Your very obedient humble Servant,

W. H. IRELAND.

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PREFACE.

Ere the Reader proceeds on the perusal of the following pages, I think it necessary to offer a few words which may perhaps tend in some measure to shield me from the severe lash of criticism which will doubtless be levelled against me on the present occasion.

From the earliest dawning of reason to the present period of my life, I have constantly experienced the most pleasurable sensations on the perusal of those early specimens of poetic production for the preservation of which we are so much indebted to Doctor Percy, who some years

since collected and published a compilation of the most celebrated and beautiful Old Ballads then extant.

This prepossession I am perfectly well assured will meet the censure of many, and be deemed puerile by others; still I not only dare avow the partiality, but also confess, that I have passed some pleasurable hours in the composition of the following Ballads.

Instead of the cultivated garden of the Muses, I now range amid the wild plains of unadorned Nature. No radiant effusions of fancy, no studied phraseology, will here be found; all is simplicity; for the mere imitation of a *Chevy Chace,* and the feats of *Robin Hood,* are what I have aspired to; nay, I have even been so presumptuous as to preface each ballad with a prosaick description of its contents in some respects similar in stile to the

language of the rude age I would strive to imitate. The after introduction of a short biographical sketch where it was deemed necessary to the elucidation of the stanzas, will not, I trust, appear irrelative to the purpose of this volume.

From the admirer of classical writing, I can look for no mercy, I do not even expect that he will contaminate his bright genius with the perusal of such barbarism; neither from those individuals who are solely occupied with the *Della Cruca* and modern school, can I hope for lenity. Thus I draw down on my devoted head the censure of an accumulated host, whose soaring minds, to use the words of our mighty Bard, detest the jingling saw of Grub-Street ballad makers.

" They'd rather be kittens, and cry—Mew"
" Than one of those same metre-ballad-mongers :"
" They'd rather hear a brazen canstic turn'd,"

"Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;"
"And that would set their teeth nothing on edge,"
"Nothing so much as mincing poetry;"
"'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."

After such authority as this, where is then my hope of quarter?—I can expect none.

It is the lover of antiquity and the gentle unaspiring mind on whom I place dependence; for should I not merit applause, I shall perhaps escape their censure, and receive some trifling praise for my poor endeavour.

The sonnie smiles from such as these
Will salve the lash severe;
God grant that well my rhymes may please,
And dry the briny tear.

A Ballad,
of the
Ladie and the Knight,
Shewing how Prudence was overcome by Love.

The subject of the following Lines in imitation of Geoffrey Chaucer, is in some measure formed on the model of the celebrated Ballad of the *Nut Brown Maid*, printed in *Arnold's* Chronicle, a very rare book, without the name of its author being affixed. The work here alluded to was printed about the year 1502, but the stanzas are evidently of a much earlier date.

A BALLAD,

OF THE

LADIE AND THE KNIGHT.

Shewing how Prudence was overcome by Love.

'Twas in the lusty month of May,
When Phœbus' rays shot wide around;
When little birds 'gan* tune their lay,
And fill the woods with merry sound,
That I did stretch me on the ground;
And as I lay, I smil'd to see
The green leaves budding on each tree.

* *Began.*

The daisie, rose and daffodil,
The violet, pink and lily white,
The cowslip growing by the rill,
With other flowers did glad my sight,
And raise within me much delight.
And as I smil'd, my mind did say,
The show'rs are gone and welcome May.

And having thought in such manere,
Anon there came a comely Squire
With whom there stalk'd* a gentle fere†
Whose comliness he did admire;
To whom he spake of love's soft fire,
Craving that she would ease his pain
Nor let him sigh and love in vain.

* *To walk stately.* † *Fair.*

Sir Knight quod* she I'd fain believe
That all you vow and swear be true;
But men a maiden's love will thieve
And then her fondneſs she will rue.
And such may prove the case with you;
Therefore your vows are ever ichone†
Like chaff that by the wind is blown.

Lady, quod he, though some be so,
I am no man of fickle mind;
I ne'er would fill thy breast with woe
I am a gentle Knight, and kind;
Nor would I waver with the wind;
Therefore I prithee let me prove
How true an English Knight can love.

* *Said.* † *Every one.*

With that he cast a look full meek,
And then he heav'd a doleful sigh;
The tears roll'd fast adown his cheek,
Whilst others shone in either eye;
Madam, quod he, have charity,
Were I my sum of love to say,
The tale would last till Domesday.

She smiled sweet, her hand she gave,
Quod she, I must believe thee kind;
If thou be false, then Christ thee save
For never one had falser mind,
Not Fortune's self though she be blind.
So grant that thou abide thine oath
As I shall keep my plighted troth.

With that full many words he spake,
To which she answer'd many more;
Again he vow'd he'd never break
The oath which he so oft had swore
That he for aye would her adore.
God grant that so he keep his say
She ne'er may rue the month of May.

Addressed to

Queen Elizabeth.

In imitation of SPENSER

Addressed to Queen ELIZABETH.

In imitation of SPENSER.

There shines at eve beneath heav'n's hallowness*
A gentle star ycleped† Chastity
Whose maiden light shows forth such comliness
As doth outvie all other gems we see.
From East where gold-ey'd Phœbus doth arise
And eke from West where sinks the car of light,
This lovely gem doth greet men's wond'ring eyes
No distance can controul its lustre bright,
All nations are astonish'd with the dazzling sight.

But chiefly on our coast it doth appear,
We most do feel its kindly influence;

* *Arch.* † *Called.*

Above all lands it doth our island rear
Giving our rulers wisdom and prudence.
By this it is we peace and wealth enjoy,
By this in wars we gain the victory;
By this from traitors we dread no annoy,
By this protected is our liberty,
By this is crush'd the threat'ning viper perfidy.

Though heav'nly, yet this gem I will compare
Unto a lovely maiden of this earth;
What boots it that I praise heav'n's star so fair,
I can but paint the things of mortal birth.
Then, reader, do not check your courser's fire,
But let your winged fancy take its flight;
For me I know the maid that doth inspire
Mine heart with gladness and with true delight,
On earth she hath no peer* to charm a mortal's sight.

* *Equal.*

Her hair I liken to morn's saffron flush,
 Her skin is iv'ry or the marble sleek;
Blue is her eyne as heav'n. The rose's blush
 Doth sweetly wanton on her glossy cheek.
Her form is like the willow's waving spray,
 And with a Venus' grace she moves along;
Ne'er wanton is she, yet for ever gay,
 Lo, such my maiden is—and such her song,
'Twould, like a second Orpheus, lure the savage throng.

Such is the Lady, such the fairy queen
Whose lustre like this evening star doth shene.

Lamentation

On the unhappy fate of the gallant Earl of Surry.

This accomplished young Nobleman whose fame has been celebrated by our first English Poets, fell a sacrifice to the capricious temper of his Monarch Henry the Eighth, who suspecting him of being inimical to the Protestant Faith, forwarded the trifling charges brought against him by his enemies, which, notwithstanding his spirited defence, terminated in bringing him to the block.

LAMENTATION

On the unhappy fate of the gallant EARL of SURRY.

Whilom* the morning star shone bright,
But murky clouds have dim'd its light;
Our Surry pipes no more!
His clarion strain
To mirth or pain
Was wont to cheer the love-lorn heart;
The balm is gone, we feel the smart,
For Surry sings no more.

* *Formerly.*

Weep, ladies, weep, the gentlest youth
That whilom sung the plaintive truth;
'Twas Surry's pipe breath'd love.
The flame he felt
In 's breast love dwelt;
He saw the soft and dazzling eyne,
He saw and worshipp'd *Geraldine**,
'Twas then his pipe breath'd love.

* As *Petrarch* had his *Laura*, so our *Surry* had his *Geraldine*, a lady whom he frequently compliments in his Sonnets, but whose real name was long unknown to the world. My Lord Orford, however, seems to have explained this mystery in his life of Surry.—Vid: Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. I. Page 104, &c. Where it appears that she was daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.

Ah! mourn the Youth so kind so true,
Twine cypress wreaths and crowns of yew;
Our Shepherd's pale and dead!
'Twas envy's dart
Ypierc'd his heart:
Too sweet for earth he bloom'd a day,
Still we've the perfume of his lay,
Surry the Rose is dead.

Ballad,

Of Sir Edgar of the Flood.

Setting forth the worthiness of one SIR EDGAR, a brave Knight of Westmoreland, who having slain an Earle's Son, was forced to flee and become an Outlaw dwelling in the green woods.

Also, shewing the trustiness of his young Page, by whose cunning the Knight was saved when at his last shift.

As it was the custom formerly, to signalize the exploits of those who for their misdeeds were compelled to seek shelter in the extensive forests, which at that period were existing in many parts of England, I have framed a Hero, and planned a Tale, as similar to those of ancient times as was consistent with the Ballads of those periods now extant.

BALLAD

Of Sir EDGAR of the FLOOD.

*FIRST FYT.**

Great stories are told
Of young and of old
Concerning the stout Robin Hood!
And eke of his Squire
Whom yet we admire,
That ranged amid the green wood.

* *Part.*

There's one Adam Bell,*
Of whom ye've heard tell,
A brave wight that never would flee.
There's also I trow,
Bold Clim* of the Clough,*
And his friend Will of Cloudeslee.*

Likewise many more
That lived before,
And some who have since gain'd applause;
Whose deeds were upright
As any true Knight,
Though they were proscribed Outlaws.

* *Adam Bell. Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudeslee,* three noted Outlaws, who were residents in the forest of Englewood, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. Of whom A Ballad in three parts is extant in Percy's collection.

Yet tell ye I can
Of a stout Yeoman
None ere did his bold feats proclaim ;
May Christ him defend,
He was the poor's friend ;
From Westmoreland's country he came.

His lin'age was great,
And fair the estate
Of Edgar sirnam'd of the Flood ;
He'd stem the rough wave,
His heart was right brave,
His arrows oft drank the deer's blood.

His eye was most true,
His bow was of Ewe,
So sturdy his arm was and strong;
The string tough and tight,
The dart's blade was bright,
His arrows a clothier's yard long.

A silver tipp'd horn
His breast did adorn;
A plume grac'd his bonnet so green,
His vest, *hose and †shoon
Were everichone
The brightest that ere yet were seen.

* *Breeches.* † *Shoes.*

The comliest grace
Shone forth in his face,
His limbs were both sturdy and strait;
With glave* at his side,
He'd walk, run and ride,
While bold and upright was his gait.

It chanc'd on a day
As forth he did stray
With greyhounds so swift, and so good,
His bugle he wound
The clear dulcit sound
With sweet echo rung through the wood.

* *A broad sword.*

An Erle's Son so proud
Heard th' echo so loud
He urg'd on his high-blooded steed;
He swore by his Say†
His hunter so gay,
For his bold presumption should bleed.

" Woe worth thee betide
" Sir Hunter," he cried,
As proudly he straight did appear;
" Gang hence from my sight,
" Thou'rt no worthy Knight,
" And therefore thou shalt not hunt here."

† *Oath.*

"What tongue is't so bold
"That ever hath told
"To mortal a deed did me shame;
"Speak quick," cried the youth,
"And speak naught but truth;
"I'll know the defamer's base name."

The Erle's Son then said
"Thoud'st better been dead
"Than call him a liar and base;
"For I am that he
"Who dares title thee
"Unworthy in these woods to chace.

" I am the rich heir
" Of these plains so fair,
" My father lords o'er this rich land;
" I'm Son to an Earl,
" And thou but a Churl,
" So straightways obey my command."

Sir Edgar then cried,
" Thy threats I deride,
" Though noble, yet base is thy blood!
" Thy words I deny
" And give thee the lie,
" I'm Edgar sirnam'd of the Flood."

The Earl's Son's dread ire
Then kindled to fire;
"Prepare thee, or yield to my will."
His glave then he drew,
On Edgar he flew
The murderous threat to fulfill.

"Thou vain hearted youth,
"Retract thine untruth,"
Cried Edgar, unsheathing his steel,
"For title nor gold,
"My wrath shall withhold,
"Thou quickly my prowess shalt feel."

Then straight 'gan the fight,
Their weapons so bright
With warm blood were soon crimson'd o'er,
Till Edgar's keen glaive
In life's blood did lave;
The Earl's son he never spake more.

That moment rode by
In green livery,
Two Squires of the bleeding Earl's son,
To Edgar they cried,
"Woe worth thee betide,
"For thou hast this bloody deed done."

" Troth Sirs, ye speak true,
" I gave him his due,
" His insolence caus'd his sad fate ;"
Sir Edgar's brave steed
Then onward did speed,
Thus ended the Earl's Son so great.

BALLAD

Of Sir EDGAR of the FLOOD.

SECOND FYT.

With much grief of heart
In this second part,
I'll tell ye what judgement befell;
How for this youth's blood
The Knight of the Flood
Was forced in green woods to dwell.

The Earl proud and great,
Soon learnt his son's fate,
The Squires to the Castle did hie,
With dolorous wail
They told the sad tale,
The great Earl then loudly did cry.

I swear by my lance
My direst vengeance,
For this shall Sir Edgar pursue,
By Christ his dear blood,
This Knight of the Flood,
His daring presumption shall rue.

For I can command
Throughout Westmoreland,
And judged he straightways shall be,
For this deed so dire
He soon shall expire
All under the forest's green tree.

The warder then blew
A blast shrill and true,
Each vassal obey'd the known call,
Their armours they lac'd,
Their bucklers they brac'd,
Then quickly did speed to the hall.

Yclad was each Knight
In arms rich and bright
Each Squire bore a lance stout and long,
A bow, spear, and shield,
Each vassal did wield,
Right gaudy and gay was the throng.

All rich to behold
In steel wrought with gold,
And mounted on courser so fine,
With plumed crest so wide
The Earl's self did ride,
While brightly his Anlace* did shine.

* *A kind of hand Axe.*

And in such array
This troop bent its way
Till dun clouds of night dimm'd the sky,
Haste, haste, the Earl cried,
I'd rather have died,
This night base Sir Edgar will fly.

The Earl prick'd his steed,
His war-horse did bleed
As foaming he pranc'd o'er the plain,
Each Knight and each Squire
Obey'd his desire
As onward they march'd with much pain.

The hour it was late,
When lo to the gate
Of Appleby's town the Earl came,
His Squire the horn blew,
The warder so true
Cried, whence came ye, what is your name.

Straight ope your gates wide
The Earl's Page he cried,
So wills the great Lord of this land,
Without more delay
His mandate obey,
He's here with his own chosen band.

The warder came down,
They enter'd the town;
Said the Earl to his own trusty Knight,
See the bolts clos'd again
Wind up the bridge-chain,
That no one escape hence this night.

To Sheriff and Mayor
The Earl did repair,
And straightways the truth did unfold;
Cried they by the Rood,
This Knight of the Flood
Shall die for the murder so bold.

The Earl, the Sheriff,
The Mayor and Bailiff,
With Knights, Squires, and many beside,
Did quickly repair
To the Mansion so fair
That stood by the Town's wall so wide.

But now to unfold
How Edgar the bold
The hate of the proud Earl did dread,
He therefore rode straight
To Appleby's gate
And thus to his foot-page he said :

When Eve's beam is spent
And night clouds have shent*
In darkness the bright beam of day,
Straight mount my war steed,
And with thy best speed
From Appleby's gate wend† thy way.

And fast to a stave
Within the dark cave
That borders the brook in yon glen,
Do thou my steed tie,
Then back quickly hie,
And pass through the West gate again.

* *Overpowered.* † *Pass.*

There by the watch band
See thou take thy stand,
And should any stranger come near,
List, list, to their say,
If th' Earl gang this way,
My Page there is much cause of fear.

Then hitherward straight
Return from the gate
And note ye those tidings to me,
So surely thoult prove
Thy duty and love,
Still dearer to this heart thoult be.

The gentle young page
With skill and courage
The will of the Knight did obey,
The news being told,
Sir Edgar the bold
A rope to his window did stay.

With gold mickle store
The Page went before
And safe gain'd the moat of the town;
Well arm'd, the brave Knight
From the casement's dread height,
By the rope slid safely adown.

His arms he unbrac'd,
His vestment unlac'd,
And straight on his page did them bind:
Thus Edgar he bore
To th' opposite shore,
Himself and his young squire so kind.

Then straight to the den
Within the deep glen,
The youth and Sir Edgar did speed,
When quick to the wood
This Knight of the Flood
And his page were borne on by the steed.

The Earl proud and great
Long knock'd at the gate,
The Sheriff and Mayor loud did cry,
But labour and pain
Was then all in vain,
Sir Edgar mid green woods did fly.

The guards with huge stroke
The sturdy bars broke
Then ranged the chambers so bright
But all were astound,*
No being was found,
The Knight he had 'scap'd from their sight.

* *Astonished.*

So Edgar the fam'd
Next morn was proclaim'd,
And sentenc'd to hang on a tree.
Thus he turn'd fellaw
And rang'd an Outlaw;
I trow 'twas the greater pitty.

BALLAD

Of Sir EDGAR of the FLOOD.

THIRD FYT.

This Knight bold and good
Sirnam'd of the Flood,
With his page so young and so fair,
Ne'er made a long stand
Till in the rich land
Of Cumberland's county they were.

There in fam'd Carlisle,
They rested awhile,
Till tidings from Appleby came
How Edgar the Knight
Had slain in the fight
The Earl's Son of such mighty fame.

Then men did cry,
Sir Edgar must die,
The bells toll'd with dolorous sound
The Earl he had said,
That living or dead,
For the Knight he'd give five hundred pound.

Then to the green wood
The Knight of the Flood
With his tiny page swift did speed,
No yooman I trow
But would have done so
For great was the peril and need.

"Kind page," said the Knight,
"Thou art my delight,
"Thine heart is right trusty and true."
Sir Edgar's sweet eyne
Then brightly did shene
For dank'd was his cheek with the dew.

" But prove always kind,
" Thou surely shalt find
" In me one that's trusty and true:
" Though young, I've a heart
" That never will part
" Though death should my master pursue.

" Christ bless thee my page,
" And grant thee courage,
" To dwell in these forests so drear;"
The Knight scan * had spoke,
When through the woods broke
An echo that swell'd on the ear.

† *Scarce.*

"Hark hark!" cried the Knight,
"Yon sound yields delight,
"Tis wound from the clear bugle horn"
"They are my fellaws,
"Some trusty outlaws
"That rouse with the dew dankish dawn.

"Busk, ‡ busk you, my Squire,
"Let's join the sweet choir,
"Our horns are as shrill and as good."
Both instantly blew
A blast loud and true
Whose echo wound clear through the wood.

* *Hasts.*

Eftsoons* from the ground
A clattering sound,
Did seem tow'rd the Knight to advance,
"They come," cried the youth,
"I'll plight them my troth."
Sir Edgar then onward did prance.

Each hunter was dress'd
In green hoose and vest,
Boots laced their leggs up before:
With horn and with bow,
With dirk and arrow,
Each archer a green bonnet wore.

* *Soon afterward.*

"Speak what men ye be,
"That mid green wood tree
"The shrill horn so ably did wind:
"Sweet Sirs!" quoth the wight,
"I'm Edgar the Knight,
"With my Squire so trusty and kind:

"An Earl's Son I've slain,
"For which mickle pain
"And thraldom doth my steps surround;
"Though great, he was base,
"Thus standeth my case,
"My life's forfeit if I be found."

" Ne'er sigh man nor wail
" An such be thy tale,
" In these woods thou safe shalt abide :
" From rich men we take
" And for Jesus sake,
" The poor man is never denied.

" We all be outlaws,
" And sturdy fellaws,
" Each man to his brother is true :
" To us thine oath take,
" Thou'lt never forsake,
" Nor to thy fellaws prove untrue."

The Knight swore an oath,
He plighted his troth,
And eke his young page did the same.
From that time, I trow,
Their deeds with the bow,
From each fellaw gain'd them much fame.

It needs not I tell
Of all that befell,
Full four years in forest's rich land,
How for his deeds bold,
Sir Edgar did hold
In green woods a Chieftain's command :

How Nobles so great,
And all of Estate,
Priests, Monks, and rich Knights his pow'r felt:
But what he did take,
'Twas for Jesus sake,
For 'mongst the poor yeomen 'twas dealt.

Thus four years were sped,
Since Edgar had fled,
The proud Earl enrag'd then did cry
Can no pow'r withhold
This Outlaw so bold,
By the Rood now I swear he shall die.

From Westmorland then,
The Earl and his men,
Full fourscore in number, did hie;
They march'd to the wood
Where th' Knight of the Flood
With his bonny fellaws did lie.

Sir Edgar that day
Alone forth did stray,
He thought of his well-lov'd Countree:
The Earl did espy
His green livery,
In vain the Knight strove him to flee.

The Knight thus was caught,
And to Carlisle brought,
There lodg'd in the dungeon's dread cell:
The Earl straight did say,
To-morrow's bright day
Shall sound out my Son's murd'rer's knell.

When in the green wood
Each man understood
That the Knight their leader was ta'en,
Each swore he would save
His chief from the grave,
Or suffer himself the same pain.

Sir Edgar's young Squire
Each man did inspire,
For he bore the true Lion's heart:
At midnight, I trow,
Each man bent his bow;
Thus did they for Carlisle depart.

BALLAD

Of Sir EDGAR of the FLOOD.

FOURTH FYT.

Now in the dread Cell
Sir Edgar did dwell,
The night blast made dolorous sound;
The youth felt no dread;
Damp stones were his bed,
He stretch'd him upon the cold ground.

When morning's pale light
First struck Edgar's sight
He knelt him adown on his knee,
And thus did he say,
O Lord, since this day
It pleaseth thee that I should dee*;

What boots to complain,
I yield to my pain,
We all must die sooner or late;
As Jesu did bleed
For Adam's foul deed,
So willing I yield to my fate.

* *Die.*

To Christ then he praid,
And Mary the maid;
Saying " Moder of grace, have pitty,
For I oft did stray
From out the bless'd way,
My misdeeds have been full many."

When thus he had done
Prayers many a one,
His heart it was fill'd with courage:
Meanwhile his bold men,
Close hid in a Den,
Were led by the Knight's cunning page.

This Squire just at dawn
Hied forth to the Lawn,
He looked upon the great Town;
He thought of the Knight
His own Soul's delight
While tears trickled his cheeks adown.

"Come, busk ye, my men
"That be in the den,
"And list now to what I shall say;
"Here ye shall abide
"While swiftly I ride,
"And hence to Carlisle wend my way.

" Hard by yonder tree,
" A man well may see
" The great gate that leads to Langdowne.*
" There with horn in hand
" Let one take his stand
" And should many men quit the Town :

" Then each bend his bow,
" And set the arrow,
" To Carlisle then haste everichone,
" For I will abide
" Hard by the gate's side,
" And straighways the deed shall be done.

* A Town some miles distant from Carlisle, bordering on the Cheviot Hills.

" But if from the Town
" No men should gang down,
" Then trust me there's peril and need;
" Oh then we shall see
" If stout hearts ye be,
" If so ye are worthy much meed.

" Let what will befall,
" Ye must mount the wall,
" And to the great Cross quickly hie;
" If this deed ye do
" Ye be fellaws true
" If not, then your chieftain must die."

Then to Carlisle's gate
The Squire hied him straight.
Each Steeple toll'd forth a death knell,
Townsmen did repair
To high Cross so fair,
Where soon ye shall know what befell.

The Earl in great state
The throng did await,
And first came the Mayor and Sheriff,
Of Bowmen, I trow
Full fifty and mo
In pairs march'd behind the Bailiff.

The hangman, array'd
In dress of his trade,
His hond did the fatal rope bear;
Next bold march'd the wight
Sir Edgar the Knight,
In him was no terror nor care.

Behind him a throng
Of guards march'd along,
Their armour was gay to behold;
Each anlace so bright
Did dazzle the sight;
These guards were all stout men and bold.

And when on the ground
The troop rang'd them round,
The young page had entered the Town,
"Busk, busk ye" he cried,
"From Cheviot so wide
"The Scotsmen now march to Langdoune."

"Where's Westmoreland's Chief,
"The Mayor and Sheriff,
"They quickly must hence wend their way."
All men hied them straight
From out the great gate,
Few guardsmen in Carlisle did stay.

The Sheriff and Mayor
Did feel mickle care,
The Earl cried "Sir Edgar shall die!"
But all was affright,
Men fled the Earl's sight,
They thought that the Scotsmen were nigh.

Amid this great din,
The page he did rin,*
And by the gate's side took his stand;
When galloping down
Toward Carlisle Town
Appeared Sir Edgar's bold band.

* *Ran.*

The page on his steed
Tow'rd high Cross did speed,
The brave Troop behind him did ride,
The Townsmen in fear
Cried "lo they be here
With bows and stout glaves at their side."

And as they drew nigh
The gallows so high,
The hangman, a Villain and Churl,
For golden monie
Had tied to the tree
The hemp cord — So will'd the proud Earl.

But as he would fain
The Ladder have ta'en,
Whereon bold Sir Edgar did stand,
The page bent his Ewe
His arrow so true,
Like lightning yfled from his hand.

The goose wing so fair
Swift wizz'd on the air,
The bright steel did thro' the churl go;
The blow struck so fierce
His heart it did pierce,
From back and from breast blood did flow.

Thus freed was the Knight
By his trusty Wight,
They quickly from Carlisle did flee,
They crossed the land,
Nor made any stand
Until they gain'd Norfolk's countree.

There they did abide
Hard by *Loddon's** side,
These brave men, and true hearted Squire;
There free from annoy
They lived in joy,
Sir Edgar he there did expire.

* *A Town some miles distant from Norwich.*

God grant by the Rood
A Knight of the Flood
In every Outlaw we find;
May man never rue
A friend that's less true
Than the Page and his fellaws kind!

Ballad,

On the much lamented death of the gallant Prince Henry, eldest son of King James the First. Whose shining qualifications rendered him the admiration of all Europe, and the darling hope of his own Countrymen.

BALLAD.

Weep your loss, the gallant Henry
Rests with icy-death,
Wan his cheek and pale as may be,
Mute his gentle breath:
Henry sleeps in death.

Weep your Prince, our Country's glory,
Slumb'ring in the Tomb.
May each heart bemoan the story!
Early was his doom;
Lo, he's in the Tomb.

Ever honor's will obeying,
Henry knew no fear,
From bright virtue never straying,
To his Country dear,
Henry claims the tear.

Now above, his God attending,
Blissful is he there;
May our worth to heav'n ascending
Claiming God's bless'd care
One day waft us there!

Ballad.

Of the lamentable Death of the gallant Knight FITZ-HUGH, and how his Love died broken-hearted.

BALLAD.

Lith* ye and listen Ladies all,
Lend me a pitying ear,
And when I've sung fair Emma's fall,
Pray drop one gentle tear.
She was a fair and comely dame,
Her Sire a Baron free:
A youth she lov'd, Fitzhugh by name,
A gentle Knight was he.

By val'rous deeds he won her love,
And eke her Father's too;
She was as gentle as the Dove;
His heart to her was true.

* *Attend.*

Woeworth* the day King Edward came,
The Welchmen to o'erthrow,
For though Fitzhugh still prov'd his fame,
Death struck the fatal blow.

The battle gain'd, no Love appear'd,
To cheer her drooping heart,
And as her lovely eyes she rear'd
The tear 'gan fast to start.
Swift as the nimble deer she flew
To where her hero lay;
She kiss'd his lips, sigh'd out Fitzhugh,
Sunk down and died away.

* *A kind of curse.*

Ballad.

The following Ballad is founded on the Battle of Shrewsbury, where HOTSPUR PERCY (so called from the fiery impetuosity of his temper) was defeated and slain, by the forces of King Henry IV. Earl Percy, and several other Nobles who had been accessary to the return of Bolingbroke from banishment, finding that his intent was not only to regain his estates, but depose the rightful King, Richard II, and assume himself the reins of government, formed a league, and declared war against the usurper, which terminated in favor of Bolingbroke, by the failure of this battle. To which rebellion in Richard's favor may also be attributed his murder, which shortly after took place.

BALLAD

Of the Death of HOTSPUR PERCY.

FIRST PART.

Wherein is displayed the sorrowful parting of the Lady Catherine and her Lord, and how she continued to bewail his unexpected flight from Alnwick-Castle.

Scarce the light grey tinge of dawning
Softly stole athwart the sky;
Scarce the rays of early morning
Flush'd the East with saffron die;
Ere the noble HOTSPUR stirr'd him,
From beside his CATHERINE bright;
Whither go'st thou, said the Lady,
Whither hies my soul's delight?

" I must quit thee, lovely Catherine,
" I must quit thee, Lady kind;
" Thou, and all I love so dearly,
" Straightways must I leave behind:
" Weighty matters will my absence,
" Lo, this is th' appointed day;
" Therefore, gentle Lady, weep not,
" Fate so wills, I must obey."

" Wherefore, Noble PERCY, quit me?
" Let me, sweet, thy will controul;
" Much I dread thy valiant temper,
" Much I fear thy warlike soul.
" Do not leave this goodly castle,
" Do not quit these turrets fair,
" Do not shun the babe that loves thee,
" Fill not Catherine's heart with care.

" To thy wife unveil the secret
" Which so long hath swell'd thy breast,
" Which by day hath made thee thoughtful,
" And by night hath broke thy rest."
" Hist thee, Wife, I love thee dearly;
" English Earl ne'er lov'd so well."
" If 'tis so, thou'lt not deny me,
" But thy weighty purpose tell."

As the Ivy to the Turret,
Or the weeping Eglantine,
So the gentle loving Lady
Round her Lord her arms did twine:
From her cheek that press'd his bosom
Dropt full many a silent tear,
Which upon his breast-plate falling,
Damp'd the steel that shone so clear.

" Cath'rine, why this gush of anguish?
" Tell me why this show of pain;
" Wherefore should'st thou pine and languish;
" Lo, this flood of grief is vain:
" Though thy sex be made for sorrow,
" In thy breast such woes should sleep;
" PERCY's bride should scorn such feelings,
" HOTSPUR's wife should never weep."

" Oh, my PERCY, don't despise me!
" All in vain thou tell'st me so,
" For I ne'er can steel this bosom,
" Nor asswage this briny flow.
" Though my Soul's to fear a stranger,
" Yet keen sorrow have I felt;
" Though this heart contemns dread danger,
" Still for thee this heart can melt."

From fair Catherine's kind embracings
Quick this valiant Earl did speed,
Straightways to the Court-yard hied him,
Where the groom did tend his steed.
Mounting there his foaming war-horse,
Through fair Alnwick's* gates he hied.
"Stay, my PERCY, stay, my HOTSPUR,
"Stay, my love," fair Cath'rine cried.

"Lo, thine infant wills to see thee;
"Do not, love, deny me this;
"Give thy babe a father's blessing,
"Give thy child a father's kiss."
HOTSPUR felt a parent's yearning,
On the babe he cast a look;
Then from off fair Cath'rine's bosom
Straight the gentle infant took.

* The Castle of the Earls of Northumberland.

On its Sire the Babe so harmless
Bent its gaze devoid of guile;
On the manly front of HOTSPUR
Sweetly did the infant smile.
"Bless thee, Babe!" cried noble PERCY;
"May'st thou one day boast the fire,
"May the blood of antient PERCYS'
"To great deeds thy soul inspire!"

Oft he kiss'd the prattling infant,
Oft its cherry mouth he press'd;
Then to weeping Cath'rine gave him,
And the lady thus address'd:
"Should aught ill befall thy PERCY,
"Rear our child to deeds of fame?
"Teach him all our kindred's glory,
"Teach him how to bear our name."

Thrice the Warrior wav'd his gauntlet,*
Thrice his plumage fann'd the air;
Sweet he smil'd, his lips unclosing,
Cried "Farewell, my Catherine dear."
Then full speed the courser bore him
Far from Catherine's longing eye:
Thus did part this loving Lady
And her gallant Lord PERCY.

End of the First Part.

* A Glove worn in battle made of jointed plates of Iron.

BALLAD

Of the Death of HOTSPUR PERCY.

SECOND PART.

Shewing how the loving Dame moaned the loss of her gallant Lord PERCY. After which followeth the purpose of the noble HOTSPUR, with the haughty message sent by him unto King Henry IV.

In this second Fyt, good yeomen,
I shall cause ye mickle woe;
Lady Catherine ye shall pitty,
For the Dame your tears will flow.
PERCY fled the heart that lov'd him,
Swift he did his course pursue;
Catherine wail'd her HOTSPUR's absence,
She had mickle cause to rue.

From the morn till silent evening
Moan'd this Lady kind and fair,
" Smile, my babe, Oh! smile my infant,
" Smile, and ease thy Mother's care."
From the eve till dusky twilight
Did this weeping Lady say
" Ah, my babe thy Sire hath fled us,
" Whither doth my PERCY stray!"

And by night, upon the pillow,
Watchful were her eyes so bright;
" Sweetly sleep, my smiling baby,
" Thou alone dost cheer my sight:
" As I trace thine infant features,
" As I trace them line for line,
" Lo, I view my Lord, my husband,
" In that face doth PERCY shine."

Sadly thus the day did glide on,
Sadly stole the midnight hour,
And at dawn the Lady Cath'rine
Did ymount the high watch-Tower;
Round her blew the winds so bleakly,
Cath'rine swell'd them with a sigh;
"Peace," she'd say, "my darling infant,"
Then she'd sing the Lullaby.

Oft her lilly hand upraising,
She would wipe the starting tear,
While tow'rd East and West sad gazing,
Naught was seen her soul to cheer:
Northward lay the Heath so dreary,
Southward wav'd the Forest green,
Ni* of footmen, ni of horsemen,
Were there any to be seen.

* *Neither.*

Nothing save the lark so cheery
Naught but birds the dame could see;
" Ah," quod Cath'rine, " little songsters
" Ye are happier far than me;
" Each can fly to bonny green wood,
" There you'll find your mate so true;
" Wou'd I were but such a songster,
" And my PERCY one of you."

Meanwhile rode the gallant HOTSPUR,
On high deeds his thoughts were bent,
Oft he plann'd the secret purpose,
Oft he con'd the bold intent;
Till at length he gain'd those Nobles,
Who to aid him were allied,
There he found the hardy DOUGLAS,*
With full many Chiefs beside.

* Earl DOUGLAS was one of the Confederates leagued with PERCY to dethrone Henry IV. and reinstate Richard on the throne.

Straight they march'd their gallant warriors
Till nigh *Shrewsb'ry's* walls they came:
Thither hied King Henry's army
To destroy rebellion's flame.
Soon the King did send his trumpet
Pardon granting, if in peace
Ev'ry Noble and his follower
Would these civil tumults cease.

"Tell thy Chief," cried hardy PERCY,
"We be honest men and true,
"BOLINGBROKE's a Traytor leader,
"But his baseness he shall rue.
"Bid him free our captive RICHARD,
"Bid him yield the crown h' hath ta'en,
"Bid him straight disband his soldiers
"Or we'll strive with might and main.

" When at Ravenspurg* he landed,
" Rightful was his claim, I ween,
" Peaceful then his every action,
" Meek and lowly was his mien ;
" But by fraud and wily cunning,
" He his monarch did entrap,
" Braggart like, he then deposed him,
" Rueful is the sad mishap.

" These our terms are, if straight yielding,
" BOLINGBROKE doth wend his way,
" We insure our King's forgiveness,
" If for aye he doth obey :
" But should he, like bold usurper,
" These our wholesome terms deny,
" Then we'll curb the rebel Traytor,
" Or we'll in the just cause die.

* It was at Ravenspurg Bolingbroke landed on his return from banishment, to reclaim his estates.

Having heard the PERCY's answer,
Grimly did King Henry frown,
By my say, these hardy rebels,
Soon shall bend before my crown.
Quod the King, the western welkin,†
Is yclad with gold-ey'd day:
Yet we'll rest the morrow's dawning,
Ere we 'gin the bloody fray.

End of the Second Part.

† *The regions of the air.*

BALLAD

Of the Death of HOTSPUR PERCY.

THIRD PART.

Declaring how the battail was fought between the King and the Earl nigh unto the walls of Shrewsbury, with fourteen thousand goodly yeomen, on the Eve of the Feast of Saint Mary Magdalen. When Earl PERCY was defeated and slain.

Haughty PERCY and the DOUGLAS,
To the Nobles thus did say,
Yonder in the Western Welkin,
Slopes the burning eye of day;
Bolingbroke, that bold usurper,
Doth our wholesome terms defy,
Wherefore should we stay the morrow?
Fate to-day shall cast the die.

Vainly strove the aged nobles,
'Gainst the fiery HOTSPUR's will,
Naught avail'd their goodly counsell,
DOUGLAS would the feat fulfill;
Now the sound of neighing horses,
Now the din of warriors brave,
Now the clank of rattling armour,
And the deadly dooming glave.

Now in ranks yrange the footmen,
With their arrows sharp and long,
Now each man his yew ybending,
To the horn doth bind the thong;
Some the axe bear, some the falchion,*
Some the shining glave did wield,
Others rear the launce ypointed,
On their arms they brace the shield.

* *A crooked Sword.*

Ev'ry chieftain to his captains
Thus his kindly speech address'd;
" Lo, ye fight for truth and justice,
" If ye die, ye shall be blest."
Ev'ry captain to his hundred
Straight the cheiftain's words did say,
" Courage horsemen; courage footmen,
" For your King ye fight this day.

" If ye conquer; captive Richard
" By your arms enthron'd shall be,
" Rather die, my gallant yeomen,
" Never 'fore these traytors flee.
" If the glave of churlish rebels,
" Should be dank'd in blood of life,
" Ye that fall shall live in heav'n,
" Free'd from Traytors, free'd from strife.

Thus did speak each goodly captain,
Ev'ry man was tough of heart,
From the camp the gallant HOTSPUR
And his yeomen did depart.
Lo, to meet them, crowned Henry,
With his vassals, a great rout,
With his sons and nobles many,
Lords that were right bold and stout.

Straight began the furious onset,
Shrilly rung the trumpets blast,
Many brave and hardy warriors,
There I wis* did breath their last.
Princes, Nobles, Captains, Yoemen,
Breast to breast their skill 'gan try;
Each alike his foe would conquer,
Each in his own cause would die.

* *I think.*

PERCY, like a raging Tiger,
Through the field his course he scour'd,
On his Anlace rode grim terror,
Death his ev'ry foe devour'd;
Mad the hardy Scottish DOUGLAS,
Badg'd with blood, with eye so fierce,
To each Noble bad defiance;
Great and small his glave did pierce.

Long did last this fray so bloody,
But brave HOTSPUR's lack of force
Did to Henry yield the conquest,
And the PERCY's life divorce;
There did bleed full many nobles,
There stout gentlemen did die,
There fell yeomen without number,
Jesu take their Souls on high.

Foughten† was this bloody battle
Nigh the walls of Shrewsbury,
From the goodly Castle's turrets
Townsmen did the feat descry;
There did meet of sturdy soldiers
Fourteen thousand good yeomen;
But one half ne'er saw the morrow,
'Twas the feast of Magdalen.

When to Alnwick came these tidings,
Sorely wept the gentle Dame;
Naught she'd hear of goodly comfort,
Naught she'd sigh but PERCY's name,
Frantick thro' each hall and chamber
Did the Lady Catherine cry
"Where's my Lord, my Love, my Husband!
"Give me back my brave PERCY."

† *Fought.*

Thus full many days did glide on,
 Thus she made her plaint in vain;
All her cries then turn'd to sadness,
 'Twas her bosom felt the pain.
Sometimes on her infant gazing,
 Big would swell her woe-worn heart,
Then she'd sigh "He's dead, my baby:"
 In her eye the tear would start.

Ne'er again may such rude tumults
 Drench our land with human gore,
Never may a goodly Lady,
 Thus her valiant Knight deplore;
But may Lords and yeomen bravely
 Round the board right jovial sing,
Christ for aye in peace preserve us,
 And God bless our Royal King.

The following Stanzas, written in the stile of the celebrated BURNS, the Scotch Poet; are offered as a trifling panegyric on the *admirable* CRICHTON, so named from the acuteness of his talents and his proficiency in every accomplishment. He travelled over France and Italy. At Paris he challenged the Doctors of the University, and worsted them in every argument: he was there stiled the *Monster of Learning*. In Italy he signalized himself in several Tournaments and wrestling matches, always gaining the prize; for it appears his bodily strength and agility were equal to the transcendant endowments of his mind. He became tutor to a very powerful Nobleman's Son, who growing jealous of his favour with the Court, basely assassinated him by night, after CRICHTON in defending himself had slain three of his opponents. It is said that he was dissipated, and in derision the Scholars of the Universities of Paris used to remark, that if any one wished to find the Monster of Learning, they must seek him in a Brothel.

To the Memory of the admirable

CHRICHTON.

Wherein he is likened to a bonny flower nipt by the cauld and untimely blast.

Gang nature weep the bonniest flow'r
That ever liv'd in dewy bow'r
And felt cauld winds in luckless hour
To nip its bloom.
No sunny heat, no dankish† shower
Can give it back its beauties power
And rich perfume.

† *Moist.*

Why did the Sun no warm ray send?
Why did no leaves to screen it bend,
That it maun* long its fragrance lend
And colors gay?
Why suffer trayt'rous winds to rend
And blast its leaves, its beauties spend
And die away?

Ah, now full well the truth I know,
Why thus ye suffer'd winds to blow,
Ang lay this lovely gem so low
That it maun die.
'Twas envy's fire that did yglow,
'Twas envy will'd and ye did so,
For ye I sigh.

* *Might.*

For 'gainst this flower ye strove in vain,
Ni malice felt it, ni the pain,
That did with death its beauties stain,
In the cauld tomb.
Again it lives on heaven's high plain,
Thus by your envy doth it gain
Immortal bloom.

A Ballad,
Of the poor and forlorn Lover.

The Lover's station being far inferior to that of his Mistress, excited her neglect, which gave rise to these complaining Lines.

BALLAD

Of the POOR and FORLORN LOVER.

No more let mirth my bosom swell,
But sadness mark each hour,
With me shall pining silence dwell,
For I'm love's blighted flow'r.

No more will sweet content be mine,
No more the joyous lay;
Sad shall my languid cheek recline,
And sighs tell forth the day.

Unpitied am I doom'd to breathe
My falt'ring love-sick tale:
Around my front I'll twine a wreath
Of Willow-leaves so pale.

Might I intreat of that soft hair,
One glossy ringlet sweet,
I'd guard it as love's relic rare;
Love should the present greet!

Frown not, ador'd, angelic maid,
At love the most refin'd;
Pitty the heart you have betray'd,
The urchin God is blind.

Cou'd I in secret breath a strain
To my fond soul's delight,
'Twould partly meliorate my pain
And cheer the gloom of night.

For though I lack both wealth and pow'r,
Nor boast a lineage great;
Gold is the phantom of an hour,
My mind is my Estate.

Riches and titles pass away
As shadows in a stream;
But Virtue, like the God of Day,
Still sheds it's glorious beam.

Then do not bid me pine in vain,
But pitying, let me prove
That lowliness can feel the pain,
And teach you how to love.

Ballad.

The Lassie of Dunfermline Town.

Displaying the cunning of a Scottish Maid, who tricked her three auld luvers and was wed to her ain dear Andrewe.

BALLAD.

*The LASSIE of DUMFERMLINE-TOWN.**

There lived in Dumfermline Town,
A Lass that was ni white ni brown,
But she was wond'rous pretty,
She had a face most sweet, I trow,
Her form was slim, her eyne like snow,
And she was shrewd and witty.

* A Town in Fifeshire on the banks of the Firth of Forth.

A noble Laird of great Estate,
That was ycrooked i' the gait,
Did plight his troth believe me,
A Knight that four-score years had told,
And eke a yeoman just as old,
Did swear they luv'd her dearly.

A bonny youth that had no store,
Ni lands, ni kine, ni glittertng ore,
Did doat upon this Lassy;
Yet though he lack'd both gold and land,
He had a trusty heart and hand,
As any Laird† believe me.

† *Lord.*

Yet spight of a* the Laird's rich store,
The Knight's and Yeomen's goodly ore,
She could not luve them truly;
'Twas Andrew's eyne and roguish smile,
That did this maiden's heart beguile,
He had not yet told twenty.

Quod she one morn, what must be done?
Those old and rich men everichone
Would fain make me unhappy;
For were I with a one to bed,
I should wish Andrew in his stead,
And that were shameful truly.

* *All.*

This lassie was in mickle* pain,
Full oft she thought, and thought again,
Quod she—De'il take this money;
For I am poor as sweet Andrew,
And I do luve the lad so true,
I'd fain do something funny.

At eve this hump-back'd laird he came,
Quod he, have pitty on my pain!
The maid she smil'd full sweetly;
An† it be so, the lassy cried,
I faith, great Sir, I'll be thy bride,
So thou'lt obey me truly.

* *Much.* † *If*

The laird he swore; then said the maid
" Mine uncle hath a right good trade,
" He dwells in Fife's countree;
Gang hence thyself, and with thee bring
Gay jewells and my wedding-ring,
He liveth at Dundee.

" But ere thou gang from hence thy way,
" That I may buy me sattins gay,
" Straight thou shalt guve to me
" Thy purse that is embroider'd o'er,
" And marks of gold, a precious store,
" Thou must count out fifty."

The laird obey'd the lassie's will,
And straight the silken purse did fill
With gude Scottish money;
Then from the town that very day
This white* full joyfull bent his way
Towards our fam'd Dundee.

The Knight and Yeoman did the same,
And whoso can the lassie blame,
She now was right merry;
But when to Dundee's town they hied,
Beshrew this tricking lass, they cried,
No uncle here we see.

* *Man.*

Unto Dumfermline town again
These aged dotards, with much pain,
 Did speed them back, all three;
But when they came, the lass was wed,
She had ta'en Andrew in their stead,
 And with the gold han* flee.

Each man, he rav'd and curs'd the lass,
The townsfolk jeer'd as they did pass;
 Thus trick'd they were, I trow,§
And Andrew to the lass was wed,
They jocund liv'd, and luv'd in bed,
 Each maid would have done so.

* *Had.* § *I think.*

BALLAD

Of POOR ROSA.

Rosa sat sighing beside the clear brook,
Sing hey Lillo, ho Lillo lee;
Pale was her cheek, and dejected her look,
On the green turf lay her basket and crook,
She sigh'd forth—"Alas! woe is me;
"Ah why did he stray
"From me far away?
"Never, poor Rosa, wilt thou see him more,
"Willy, the swain whom thy soul doth adore!"

Her ringlets fell loosely o'er her white breast,
Sing hey Lillo, ho lillo, lee;
Her heart once so gay was misery's nest,
And on her temples she wore a sad crest,
'Twas pluck'd from the pale willow tree,
That moss bank'd willow
Which serv'd for a pillow,
Whose wide branches shelter'd poor Rosa's head,
Rosa that sigh'd—"Ah! my William is fled."

Worn out with anguish, now Rosa doth stray,
Singing Lillo—Hey lillo, lee;
Her notes breath sadness, and this is her lay,
"My swain has fled from me, alack well-away,
"And sorrow, poor Rosa's for thee;
"Alack woe is me,
"Hard-hearted Willy!"
And she sigh'd forth these words, faint grew her breath,
And Rosa, poor Rosa, now sleeps in death!

BALLAD

Of POOR EDWY,

In answer to Poor Rosa.

Poor Edwy's look is dejected and pale,
Sing hey nonny; ho nonny, no.
Edwy who late was the pride of the Dale,
Now tunes the pipe to rehearse his sad tale;
Adown his wan cheek the tears flow;
Poor Edwy's betray'd,
He pines for the maid;
No longer he hears the sound of her lute,
The wood choir is hush'd, the Nightingale's mute.

Beneath a sad Yew is Edwy's damp bed,
Sing hey nonny, ho nonny, no,
A wreath of its branches now twines his poor head,
For with the false maid, is all happiness fled;
'Twas beauty that struck the dire blow;
'Twas Ellen the fair,
That planted despair,
Whose unfeeling heart like mildew did blight,
Joy's smiling bud, and each wonted delight.

Frantick and straw deck'd, poor Edwy does fly,
Singing Nonny, hey nonny no;
The woods, dales, and meadows, all ring with his cry,
Each moaning breeze is encreas'd with a sigh,
Whilst o'er his pale lips the lines flow;
"Why, Ellen, shun me?
"'Tis Edwy calls thee."
He paus'd!—the drear silence seal'd his sad doom;
And Edwy's keen woes, are lull'd in the Tomb.

Ballad.

Of the dolorous Death of the Lady Jane Gray.

In Two Parts.

Wherein is displayed the unstableness of grandeur, and the untimely fate which it sometimes pleaseth the Lord to inflict on virtuous souls. Shewing also the constancy of this Princess in all her sufferings, and her courage at the moment of execution; with the death also of her virtuous and loving husband, the Lord Dudley, and the manner of their being beheaded in the Tower of London.

This illustrious Personage of the blood Royal, by both parents, was no less conspicuous for virtue and mental accomplishments than for the nobleness of her family; and was it not indeed that some of her panegyrists are remarkable for adherence to truth, we should be led to dispute the accounts handed down to us relating to this Princess. When scarcely emerging from childhood, she is said to have spoke her own language with accuracy, as well as the *French*, *Italian*, *Latin*, and *Greek*; she was also versed in *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, and *Arabic*. Her temper was sedate, and she appeared to possess inherently a thirst after knowledge. By the machinations of her father, she was nominated heiress to the Crown, by the youthful Edward VI. at whose death she was proclaimed Queen, in opposition to her own wish, but merely in compliance with the desire of her aspiring father. On the accession of the vengeful Mary, her youth nor virtues could not screen her from the impending fate, and she was adjudged to die, together with her husband, as innocent a victim as herself. She met her fate with the same steady composure she had evinced through life, and may be deemed the wonder of her sex. Lady Jane was not sixteen at the period of her execution.

BALLAD

Of the dolorous Death of the Lady JANE GRAY.

FIRST PART.

The fairest morn will have its cloud,
Each pleasure hath its pain;
To strive against Almighty God,
I trow it were but vain.

The Lilly by the running Brook,
At morn may glad the eye;
The Rose alike may waft its sweets,
And in the evening die.

There's naught on earth that can escape,
Or shun the will of God;
We all must yield unto our fate,
And kiss the galling Rod.

Then why complain, since great and small,
Alike must yield to fate;
The Lord he knows ni difference
'Twixt poor man and the great.

So I shall prove an ye will list,
And to my tale give ear;
The Lord well loves the kindly heart,
Then do not check the tear.

But send on high thy dol'rous plaint,
The Lord will not say nay;
But bless thine heart that it doth weep
The death of Lady Gray.

When late upon our Edward sixth
Most cruel death did frown,
And he did quit this mortal state,
To wear a heav'nly Crown;

He will'd, that this our goodly realm,
Should own the Sov'reign sway,
That every man should bend the knee
Before the Lady Gray.

The Duke, this gentle lady's sire,
Unto his child did say,
" To thee, the King hath will'd his crown,
" Thou must his will obey."

The great Duke of Northumberland,
Her husband's fader* dear,
Said, " Daughter, thou must wear the Crown,
There is ni cause of fear."

But Lady Jane, she was full meek;
She scan† had told sixteen;
" I wis‡ I am to young," quod she,
" To be great England's Queen.

* *Father.* † *Scarce.* ‡ *I think.*

" Ni Crown, ni Kingdom, would I have,
" But pass my life in peace;
" For with a Crown great perils come,
" All happiness doth cease.

" I wou'd," quod she, " the live-long day
" With study feast my mind;
" To golden pomp, and governance,*
" Mine heart is not inclined.

" But if my fader, 'tis your will,
" That I the crown should wear,
" My duty is, to yield to you,
" All plainings† I forbear.

This liked well these noble dukes,
They will'd her so to say,
And in our London Citty great,
Proclaim'd she was that day.

* *Government.* † *Complaints.*

There belles yrongen* were, I trow,
And Citizens did cry
God grant she may for aye enjoy
The goodly sov'reignty.

The tidings of King Edward's death
Were spread, both far and near,
All people sorely plain'd their loss,
And dropp'd the briny tear.

To Mary, Edward's sister, then
A messenger did hie;
Full speed he rode to Kenning Hall,
In Norfolk's fam'd county.

And to the Princess thus he spake,
" Thy royal Broder's dead,
" And goodly yeomen fain would place
" The crown upon thine head.

* *There rung.*

Then Mary said, " I shall obey,
" My subjects' will, I trow,
" Right faithful are mine Englishmen,
" Their lawful Queen to know."

Ni more, ni less, the Princess spake,
Ni wept her broder's end,
But back to London's City straight,
The horseman she did send.

Saying, " To each Lord my greetings bear,
" And to my people say,
" Their love doth well their Queen belike."
The man then rode away.

Another page came galloping,
The time it was full late;
For bells han* rong the midnight hour,
As he knock'd at the Gate,

* *Had.*

The steed did pant; while briny sweat,
Ran trickling down a flood,
Begrimed was the messenger,
His spurs were dank'd‡ with blood,

Most noble Princess," spake the Page,
" Thy royal Broder's dead,
" But he hath will'd great England's Crown,
From off thy rightful head.

" Proclaimed is the Lady Gray,
" Her fader hath done so,
" Likewise the Duke Northumberland,
" And many more I trow."

With that the Princess looked grim,
" By Christe's blood," quod she,
" These traytor nobles shall repent,
And rue their villany.

‡ *Wet.*

"Likewise shall they full sorely rail,
"That Jesu did forsake,
"I will ni spare a living soul,
"They shall brin* at the stake.

"Woe-worth† betide these churlish hinds,‡
"That dare deny my right;"
The Messenger then bent his knee,
And left the Princess' sight.

Now scan§ nine days had Lady Gray
Enjoy'd the royal state,
When mark the rueful difference,
In this sweet Princess' fate.

To London Citty Mary came,
With Nobles a great rout,‖

* *Burn.* † *A kind of threat.*
‡ *Boors.* § *Scarce.* ‖ *Crowd.*

Behind them marched many guards,
That were both bold and stout.

The Lady Jane right joyfully
Did yield the thorny crown,
But all obedience could not calm
The wrathful Marie's frown.

By warrant, she unto the Tower
A Prisoner was ta'en;
Ni murmur'd she, ni shed one tear,
Ni felt a minute's pain.

And thither was Lord Guilford brought,
Her noble husband dear,
Whose face did show all innocence,
Whose heart did feel no fear.

The stout Duke of Northumberland,
Yfled with mickle speed,

But ta'en he was, and being tried,
He for his act did bleed.

The Lady Jane adjudged was
Upon the block to die;
For beauty, truth and innocence,
Such was the destiny.

Lord Guilford Dudley sentenc'd was
By strokesman's† blow to end;
Such is the meed‡ which providence,
To virtue oft doth send.

This cruel sentence being known,
Sore vex'd each feeling heart;
Each man with shake of head did cry
This is a bloody part.

† *Executioner.* ‡ *Reward.*

Thus know ye by this first partie,
Her rise, her fall, and doom;
The next shall tell how willingly,
She enter'd death's cold Tomb.

BALLAD

Of the dolorous Death of the Lady JANE GRAY.

SECOND PART.

And now the fatal morn was come,
The sun han gilt the sky,
And clouds of night on mountain tops
In dankish† mists gan fly.

The clarion cock his wings had shook,
Then rung the matin song;
It sweetly sounded o'er the plain,
And echoed woods among.

† *Dewy.*

The Lady Jane she did arise,
And look'd on heaven so bright;
" Oh Jesu, if I aught have done
" That's shameful in thy sight;

" If from thy goodly ordinance
" My wayward heart was led,
If from thy bless'd commandements
" My mind hath ever fled;

" Oh thou the God of mercy art,
" Then wash the stain away,
" So I before Almighty God
" May purely walk this day.

" I have a husband, bless'd Jesu,
" My soul doth love him well;
" And that same axe that drinks my blood,
" His precious head shall fell.

" For him great God now let me pray,
" Oh bear his Soul to rest,
" May he for aye* repose in peace,
" Upon his Saviour's breast.

" May he in heav'n, to mighty God
" The song of joy upraise,
" And may my voice attune the chant,
" To sing my Maker's praise."

Lord Dudley with the sun did rise,
He rais'd his looks on high;
" An it be so I am content,
" Great God this day to die.

" I ne'er have gladly done offence,
" Nor shunn'd thine holy will;
" Each day it hath been my intent
" Thy purpose to fulfil.

* *Ever.*

" But grant me grace, if ever I
" To sin have been inclin'd,
" If mortal flesh hath e'er control'd
" And harm'd my precious mind.

" I have a wife, O Lord of hosts,
" I ne'er yet saw her fere ‡
" For virtue, beauty and prudence;
" I love my wife full dear.

" Oh, may she by the setting sun,
" With thee, my God, find peace;
" May we above the chant upraise,
" For there all woes shall cease."

And now the bell 'gan loud to beat,
The guards, with spears full bright,
Did march around the Chapel yard,
It was a seemly sight.

‡ *Equal.*

There did the Governor attend,
With Wardens near at hand;
Their robes were comely to behold,
As they did take their stand,

Of Bowmen then, a chosen troop,
That were full stout and strong,
With arrows keen hung by their sides,
Were rang'd the walls along.

A reverend Fader eke was there,
His looks they were full meek;
His heart tow'rd mercy was inclin'd,
For tears ran down his cheeke.

The strokesman bore the axe in hond,
With downcast look he stood;
Quod many a Soul "I would not do
"As thou dost, by the rood.*

* *Holy Cross.*

With woolen cloth of sable hue,
The block it was bedight,†
Around the edge there did appear
A fringe of purest white.

And to the left that fronten did
The bowmen with their dartes,
There stood a troop with spears full long,
They were stout English heartes.

And those that wou'd the sight behold,
The wardens did yface;
Their looks were sad and sorrowful,
Their thoughts all joy did chace.

And in such order all did stand,
That they might witness be,
How DUDLEY did his fate ybear:
How Lady Jane should dee.

† *Adorned.*

Quoth Dudley, to his warden sad,
" Thou hast an honest mien,
" And trust me, one more kind of heart
" I never yet have seen.

" Now warden, I thy pitty crave,
" Do not my boon deny,
" So thou wilt serve a dying man,
" And please thy Lord on high.

" Go, speed thee to my Lady dear,
" And speake these words I pray,
" Thine Lord he wills one parting kiss,
" Ere life be ta'en away."

The warden silent stood awhile,
The tear rose in his eye;
Quod Dudley " thou'st a noble heart,"
The warden heav'd a sigh.

Lord Guilford press'd the warden's hand,
And gold did put therein;
"To take thine ore," the warden cried,
"I wis† it were a sin.

"I crave ni filthy gold," he said,
"My virtue is my store;"
The warden from Lord Guilford turn'd,
And pass'd without the door.

And when to Lady Jane he came,
Her Lorde's wordes he spake;
Then tears from her sweet eyne did flow,
Her heart was nigh to break.

"Go tell my husband warden kind,
"I must not from him part,
"For should I see him ere I die,
'Twou'd break this loving heart.

† *I think.*

" Go tell him that my parting breath,
" Shall bless his gentle name,
" Go bid him suffer with courage,
" Myself shall do the same."

Now when these wordes Lord Dudley heard,
With smiles he did them greet:
" She's right," quod he, " ere long, I trow,
" In heav'n our souls shall meet."

And as he spake, the guard did come,
The warden hid his eye;
Quod Dudley, " Weep not, honest heart,
" I'm well prepar'd to die.

Once more the yeoman's hand he press'd,
" May Jesu bless thine heart;"
From out the door, with solemn step,
Lord Dudley did depart.

Unto the Chapel-yard he march'd,
To heav'n he pray'd awhile;
He shook the warden by the hand,
Most calmly did he smile.

Upon the block his head he plac'd,
His neck was cleft in twain;
So sturdily the strokesman struck,
I wis he felt no pain.

Next came the Lady Gray full meek,
It was a woeful sight:
More calm she was than all around,
They were in doleful plight.

But as she marched through the yard,
Her heart was griev'd full sore;
For guardsmen there beside her pass'd,
Her husband's corse they bore.*

* It is asserted in history, that before her execution she

" I prithee yeomen halt awhile,
" That I mayne look my last;"
They stopp'd while she on Dudley's corse,
A steadfast look ycast.

She gaz'd upon the lifeless form,
One briny tear she shed,
Then on her maiden's shoulder leant,
And turn'd away her head.

And to the scaffold being come,
She there these wordes spake:
" I never compassed the Crown,
" Nor Marie's right would take.

beheld from a window the mangled body of her husband, which was by accident borne near her. She requested the guards to pause, and after fixing her eyes upon it for some moments with steady composure, she proceeded on to the scaffold.

" Ambition never did beguile
" This heart of mine away:
" I acted as my fader will'd,
" I dar'd not disobey.

" Yet joyfully I yield my life:
" So wills Almighty fate;
" Since innocent, I have done wrong,
" My life shall pay the State."

Then down she knelt upon her knee,
And having said one pray'r,
From off her neck the covering,
Her weeping maid did bear.

With visage calm around she look'd,
The strokesman craved grace;
Quod she, " I freely pardon thee,
" Upon this goodly place."

Then fore the block she plac'd herself,
And down her head did lay,
The strokesman gave the fatal blow
That bore her life away.

Thus died Lord Dudley, gallant youth;
Thus ended Lady Gray;
They both were English hearts of truth,
None dare my words say nay.

All that beheld their bloody end,
With weeping eyes went hame:*
And those to whom the tale was told,
I wis did do the same.

Christ Jesu to his breast them take:
May we again ne'er see
A deth so rueful as this Lorde's,
And Jane his lov'd Ladie.

* *Home.*

Thus to the morn most purely bright,
 This Lady may compare;
Or like the lilly by the brook,
 That waves it's head so fair.

Or like the Rose upon it's spray,
 Whose beauty glads the eye,
E'en like these flow'rs, at Morn she bloom'd,
 And with the Eve did die.

Thus none the will of God can scape,
 Ni Sov'reign, ni great Earl;
For God in heav'n alike commands,
 The Emperor and Churl.

BALLAD.

The neglected Mither's doleful Lament to her Child, on its Father's inconstancy, with the Answer of her Boy.

Baby, baby, where's thy Fader,
Whither doth he ride?
Mither, Mither, on the white Horse,
By the clear brook's side;
Say, ah wherefore did he quit me?
Cauldly blows the wind.
Mither! Mither! he's hard-hearted,
Fickle and unkind.

Did he feel no soft compassion
For a breaking heart?
Mither, felt he aught of kindness,
Would he thus depart?
Yet with smiles by yon bright heav'n
Oftimes hath he sworn?
Mither mark how true his vows are
Now you're left forlorn.

Pure as drifted snow I thought him,
And believ'd each oath.
Mither now behold his fondness;
Where's his plighted troth.
Since he's gone ah what maun I do,
Never would he wed.
Mither, steel thine heart as he doth,
With another bed.

Baby, baby, what woudst thou think;
Where woudst thou abide?
Mither, Mither, I would sit me
Down by the Brook's side.
But when sad and sore a hunger'd
Who would guve thee cheer?
Mither I would live on sighing,
And drink down each tear.

And couldst thou then bear to leave me,
I that gave thee breath?
Mither I for aye would shun thee,
As I'd fly grim death.
Say my bonny boy coud'st quit me,
And so flinty prove?
Mither an thou'dst leave thine infant
Where would be thy Luve?

Dearest, I will ne'er forsake thee,
Though thine fader's base,
Mither I for aye will luve thee
And thy sorrows chase.
Gang then youth so iron-hearted,
Gang from luve and me,
With my babe Ise grow forgetful,
Chasing luve and thee.

A BALLAD

Intituled EDWY's GHOST.

Shrill blew the blast when Edwy died,
And murky was the sky;
And gemmy dew like orient pearl,
Y'flowd* from Emma's eye.

Farewell, lov'd youth! "thou'rt gone," she cried,
Whiles I thy loss must weep;
Yet soon, sweet love, I'll follow thee,
And share death's dampy sleep.

* *Did flow.*

Then sorrowing stray'd, the love-lorn maid,
And wept at Edwy's grave;
A laurel garland she had twin'd,
For Emma's love was brave.

Oft in the bloody conflict's heat,
He dar'd the threat'ning foe;
Whiles she his lonely love had sat,
And silent pin'd with woe.

The wind was hush'd, the palid moon,
Display'd her silv'ry sphere;
The maid was chill, the maid turn'd pale,
The maid was struck with fear.

Slowly her timid eye she rais'd:
A spectre form was seen
With meagre cheek, and deadly hue,
It was her Edwy's mien.

The night blast rose; a moaning sigh
Swell'd on the passing air:
"My love adieu," the vision cried,
"Farewell my Emma fair!"

She shriek'd; she sunk upon the sod,
But when her gaze she rear'd,
The wind grew calm; the moon beam'd forth,
The phantom disappear'd.

"List, list, once more my true-love calls;
"His mandate I obey."
She kiss'd the turf; then heav'd one sigh
That bore her soul away.

A
Dialogue Ballad,
By the QUEEN of SCOTS,
Wherein she dolefully lamenteth the tragical end of her favourite, David Rizzio.

DAVID RIZZIO, the confidant of MARY, Queen of Scots, was originally a Musician of Turin. He so far insinuated himself into the Queen's favor, that it became at length impossible for any one to procure access to her without first gaining his interest. Some historians even affirm that their intercourse was criminal, and her neglect of the Lord Darnley, her husband, gives some color of probability to this suggestion. Rizzio, however, did not escape observation, and his enemies represented his conduct and that of the Queen in such glaring colors to her husband, that the favourite was shortly after dispatched by Lord Darnley's order, being forcibly dragged by ruffians from the Queen's apartment into an adjoining antichamber, where he expired after receiving fifty-six wounds.

A

DIALOGUE BALLAD,

By the QUEEN of SCOTS.

SHEPHERD.

Why howles the mountain blast sae shrill,
Why waves the hawthorn on the hill,
And eke* the willow pale?
Why doth the stream so sadly sound,
As ripling o'er the pebbly ground,
It seems to make its waile ?

* *Also.*

SHEPHERDESS.

If thou, sweet youth, the tale woud'st know,
That makes the winds sae shrilly blowe,
And waves the hawthorn green,
Thou'lt like yon Willow hang thine head,
And tears as o'er yon pebbly bed,
Will flow from thy bright eyne.

SHEPHERD.

O! I can greet the merry tale,
Or sadly sigh, and weep and wail,
If sorrow meets mine ear.
Therefore I prithee tell me why
The winds, the trees, the brooks do sigh;
Thy sad'ning strain I'd hear.

SHEPHERDESS.

Hast thou not oftimes seen a swain
Whose song did echo o'er the plain?
Ah well away he's fled.
No more you'll hear his dulcit song;
The knell of death goes ding, ding, dong,
For now alas he's dead.

The murd'rer's dirke is wet with blood,
I saw the streaming red, red flood,
Rin trickling downe his side;
I saw his cheek so wan so pale,
I saw his bright eyne gin to fail,
I saw the gash sae wide!

SHEPHERD.

Oh, then I'll weep my kindsome fair,
My sighs shall swell the moaning air,
For gentle was the youth;
His eyne was bright, his face was sweet,
A form like his I ne'er shall greet;
His heart was love and truth.

A BALLAD.

Wherein the QUEEN of SCOTS mourneth her Captivity and hard usage at the CASTLE of LOCHLEVEN.

The lengthened sufferings of this Princess gave rise to the following lines; for however faulty her conduct in many instances, yet it is generally allowed that she did not merit such rigorous treatment from a Sister Queen.

Round this dungeon damp and dreary,
Oft I bend my aching eye,
Till my troubled soul grown weary,
Vents its anguish in a sigh.
Men, alas, there's no believing,
All are cruel and unkind;
Here there's naught but false deceiving,
Man's more wav'ring than the wind.

Did the secret sigh of anguish
 Reach my cruel Sister's* ear;
Did she see me pine and languish,
 Could she view this falling tear,
Then her flinty heart might borrow
 Gentle pity's tender sigh;
Then the silv'ry drop of sorrow,
 Soon would grace her pensive eye.

Will no stranger hear my ditty?
 Must I pine in silence drear?
Will no female melt with pitty?
 Will no hand asswage the tear?
No, 'tis o'er, my fate's decided;
 Languid beats my breaking heart;
Forgot by friends, by fate derided,
 Life and Mary soon must part.

* *Queen Elizabeth.*

BALLAD.

Shewing the untimely Fate of two Young LOVERS.

No more the Lilly rears its head,
Or glistens in the morning dew;
The perfume of the Rose is fled,
It faints, my Emma dies for you.

Haste, haste my love, attune thy lute,
And fill my breast with rapt'rous fire;
No longer let thy voice be mute,
For thou cans't bid my soul expire.

Hark! on the breeze I hear a knell,
It chills my languid, love-sick breast;

Ah! wherefore tolls the solemn bell,
And must I wear the Cypress crest?

No, rather will I brave death's dart,
And seek resign'd my final doom;
From thee my soul shall never part,
With thee I'll rest within the Tomb.

This spot was witness of my truth,
'Twas here my heart became thy slave;
Receive it then exclaimed the youth,
And frantick plung'd into the wave.

So fate the opening Rose will crop,
Thus withers beautie's sweetest flow'r:
They bloom'd, then to the grave did drop,
The children of a fleeting hour.

BALLAD,

By a LOVER on his false MISTRESS.

Like to the Damask Rose so gay,
Or like the scented breath of May,
Or like the Lilly by the stream,
Or like a pleasing passing dream,
Or like at morn the lark's shrill song,
Or like the jocund bells' ding dong;
Pleasing as these, to sight and ear was she,
But like these, wither'd for her perfidy.

True as the Shepherd to his love,
Or like the constant downy dove,
Or like the blazing noontide Sun,
That ne'er forgets its course to run,
Or like the varying current's tide,
Or like swift time that still doth glide.
Ev'n like all these my mistress once was true,
But now grown false, to all she bids adieu.'

Free as the air on desert wild,
Or free as fancy Nature's child,
Or free as lark that pipes on high,
Or free as stars that lace the sky,
Or free as soul when death's chill dart
Th' immortal from this frame shall part.
Thus free from Love; unshackled thus my mind;
Now I have learnt the fraud of Womankind.

Ballad.

Of the doleful Death of that mirrour of true Knighthood, the noble and valiant Sir Philip Sydney,

Who expired of a wound he received at the Battle of Zutphen.

Together with his merciful conduct on quitting the field.

This extraordinary young Nobleman was a peculiar favourite with his Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, who was compelled to restrain his thirst for glory in several instances. He was learned, brave, and generous; and so high was his reputation throughout Europe, that we are informed he was in election for the kingdom of Poland, but the queen refused to further his preferment, not out of emulation, but that she was averse to lose the Jewel of her Court. He expired on the 22d of September, 1586.

BALLAD

Of the doleful DEATH of Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

Weep my Country, weep your Glory,
Sydney lies on Zutphen's plain;
Never did more rueful story,
Wake your breasts to silent pain.

Zutphen saw our Phillip number'd
With the pale and icy dead;
There with glory Sidney slumber'd,
There with honour Sydney bled.

There he bad the foe defiance,
And with heroes rank'd his name;
Twas not wealth, or proud alliance,
Sydney thirsted after fame.

As from Zutphen's soil fast bleeding,
Philip wounded bent his way,
His own suff'rings little heeding,
Glory having crown'd the day;

Faint with pain, with thirst expiring,
Oft he claims the friendly bowl;
Water's cooling draught requiring,
To recruit his sick'ning soul.

Soon the ample can was given,
By a Squire of Sydney's train;
But this virtuous child of heaven,
Melted at another's pain.

For from off the field of battle,
Where the hardy warriors bled,
Where the murd'rous cannons rattle
Seal'd so many with the dead;

Lo, a menial Soldier dying,
By his pitying comrades borne,
Sydney's can so wistful eyeing,
With a faint and dol'reus mourn,

Rais'd the dew of tender sorrow
In Sir Philip's sunken eye;
Sydney pity's soul did borrow,
Faintly thus the youth did cry:

Little are my wants believe me,
Take from hence this flowing can:
Yon poor Soldier's mis'ry grieves me,
Bear it to that dying man.

From his lips, so parch'd and quiv'ring,
Sydney straight the liquor gave;
Soon death's damp and chilly shiv'ring
Struck the pitying hero brave.

Thus awhile the youth did languish,
Thus he fell on Zutphen's plain,
Thus expir'd, with parching anguish,
Feeling for another's pain.

Weep, ye brave, the child of glory
Died entwin'd with mercy's crest;
May our valiant Sydney's story,
Warm each gallant Briton's breast.

May this true but rueful ditty,
Virtue to each youth impart;
May each soul be warm'd with pitty,
May each breast wear Sydney's heart.

The MAID of the BROOK.

Sadly sat a weeping maiden,
All beside the rippling stream;
Green the turf, and clear the waters
Bright the spangling noon tide beam.
To each breeze the maid did sigh
Willow,* willow, willow,
Death shall sing my lullaby;
Willow, willow, willow.

* This word, Willow, occurs frequently at the termination of the stanzas of sorrowful Ballads. We find SHAKSPEAR very affectingly introduce it in Othello, Act IV. Scene 3. when Desdemona repeats the ensuing

Lillies white as snow from heaven,
Did this maiden's cheek outvie:
But the Rose's bloom was wither'd,
Dew dank'd violet was her eye;
To the brook she made her moan,
Willow, willow, willow,
Death's for me now Edrick's flown,
Willow, willow, willow.

Bright the bed on which the waters
Did in gentle murmurs glide,

lines, alluding to a Ballad in two parts now extant, entitled WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
"She was in love; and he she lov'd forsook her,
"And she prov'd mad. She had a song of *Willow*,
"An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
"And she dyed singing it."

But this maiden's locks more glossy
Careless hung adown each side.
To the rippling sound she'd say
Willow, willow, willow.
Death's my bride, ah well away,
Willow, Willow, willow.

Thus forlorn the hapless maiden
Long did make her doleful wail,
Edrick heard, he stood, and listen'd,
Edrick pitied the sad tale.
To the maid the swain did cry,
Cease the sad song willow,
Sorrow fled, the maid did sigh,
And sung no more the willow.

A Ballad.

On the gallant Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

For this most celebrated victory the English are greatly indebted to the interposition of Providence in their favor, as the gallant endeavours of our seamen were aided by the tempestuous elements, which conspired to disperse and shatter the invading force of Spain. The engagement took place in the year 1588, when Sir Francis Drake, the Earl of Cumberland, and several other Noblemen distinguished themselves by their disinterested conduct in freely volunteering for the defence of their Country, Religion, Sovereign, and Constitution.

A BALLAD

On the gallant DEFEAT of the SPANISH ARMADA.

Didst thou see the Streamers waving?
Didst thou see upon the Flood
England's gallant War-ships laving,
England's Sailors staunch of blood?

Yes, I saw the streamers flying
O'er the green and foaming wave,
Gallant Seamen joyful crying,
English Seamen stout and brave.

Didst thou see the Spaniards riding,
With their flags so rich and bright?
Yes, I saw their vessels gliding,
Ready for the dreadful fight.

Didst thou see their line of battle
Spread upon the watry plain?
Didst thou hear the cannons' rattle?
Didst thou mark the blood-red main?

Yes, I saw the signal given,
And the Spaniards 'gin the fight.
Yes, I saw the face of heaven;
Dread, yet glorious was the sight.

Now the winds tempestuous roaring,
Waft the billowy waves on high,
And the Spanish vessels soaring,
Seem to touch the darken'd sky.

Now the groans of thousands dying,
And the conqu'rors joyful shout;
Now the shatter'd war-ships flying,
Speak the haughty Spaniards' rout.

Didst thou see the boist'rous railers
Forc'd to fly old England's coast?
Yes, I saw their vanquish'd sailors,
Humbled was the daring host.

Didst thou view their vessels stranded,
And the pris'ners brought to shore?
Yes, I saw the crews safe landed,
England's sons did God adore.

May our Queen, by Heav'n protected,
Long reign o'er our Isle in peace;
May we never be subjected,
May these bloody horrors cease!

END.

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